

The  
Immortal  
Lincoln

## THE IMMORTAL LINCOLN

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In the quietness of early morn  
Before the new day yet was born;  
My breath grew short. I fear I stirred.  
A gentle voice, it seemed, I heard.

The voice spoke on so sweet and low  
And bade me a journey, in the years to go.  
'Twas a pleasant journey, I remember well,  
Though my pen but half the glories tell.

Into a mighty forest, first we went  
And a moment there was all we spent.  
A log-ribbed hut with its fireplace bright  
Bid us a welcome that winter night.

We looked into that humble home,  
It grew as grand as the nation's dome.  
A woman we saw, as noble as a queen,  
Although her garments were coarse and mean.

A slender lad stood by her knee  
To hear the story of Galilee.  
Then he knelt close by her chair  
And poured his soul in earnest prayer.

A well-worn book, the lad then brought  
And stretched himself near the embers hot.  
Washington's Life was the book he read—  
It seemed his eager soul was fed.

We drew apace from the humble home  
And through the years then took a roam.  
We watched this lad wield axe and saw,  
Later his reading and pleading law.

We watched him win his suits in court,  
With finest proof and sharp retort.

The greatest in speech in all the Land,  
He bore himself as a statesman grand.

We saw him enter the White House door,  
While the stricken land was wrapped in  
war.

We watched the storms of fury break,  
The waters turned red in stream and lake.

At Gettysburg, I'll never forget,  
Each hour, he seems before me yet.  
He seemed no mortal that glorious day,  
As he lifted all men to a higher way.

We saw the furious storm release.  
It brought a hope of pleasant peace.  
But a deadly shot rang out once more,  
By far the worst of all the war.

We saw the great man reel and fall  
And the darkened night spread over all.  
We saw the great form wrapped in sleep  
And a nation mourn and sigh and weep.

The story I've told, though only a dream,  
Is only a shadow of a meteor's gleam,  
The light that glows from Lincoln's life  
Is a star of hope for every strife.

The world one day lost her noblest son,  
To the realms of heaven a prince was won.  
And though the body has passed away,  
The name and spirit will dwell for aye.

Written on the 112th anniversary of the  
birth of Lincoln.

—CLAUD BAIRD.

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